

and see England." However much his curiosity may be gratified by the tour, his vanity, as I learn from several confessions made to me, is often put to a severe trial. It is mortifying to be asked in what part of the world Nova Scotia is situated—to be complimented on "speaking good English, although an American"—to be asked "what excuse can possibly be made for repudiation"—to be forced to explain to one fellow countryman after another "that Nova Scotia is not one of the United States, but a British province." All this, too, after having prayed loyally every Sunday for Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales—after having been so ready to go to war about the Canadian borderers, the New York sympathisers, the detention of Macleod and any other feud!

Nations know nothing of one another—most true—but unfortunately in this particular case the ignorance is all on one side, for almost every native of Nova Scotia knows and thinks a great deal about England. It may, however, console the Nova Scotian to reflect, that there are districts in the British isles, far more populous than all his native peninsula, which the majority of the English people have never heard of, and respecting which, if they were named, few could say whether they spoke Gaelic, Welsh, or Irish, or what form of religion the greater part of them professed.

*August 18.*—We left Halifax in the steamship Columbia, and in nine days and sixteen hours were at the pier at Liverpool. This was the ninetieth voyage of these Halifax steamers across the Atlantic, without any loss, and only one case of detention by